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WHY NOT BE OPEN?

W/HO understands the subway situation? What average man even thinks he understands it? The whole question has rolled into such a thick fog-bank of dickering, dodging and delay that people veer off at any fresh shift of it.

Nobody expects the problem of the new subways to be stated in ten words. But does the public not deserve some kind of frank explanation from the officials they have chosen to settle this difficalt matter? Does it not deserve, at least at intervals, clear, concise statements of what is going on behind the straggling, wear some show of bargainings and counter-bargainings which is all the pub-

These very officials once earnestly asked the public to have con-Mence in them. Have they in turn shown like confidence in the public? Have they ever tried to tell the citizens exactly what the dty is trying to gain for itself in this subway matter? Have they trusted the people that trusted them?

TAXES DAY BY DAY.

TAX time-table is the latest thing to brighten our walls. An enterprising corporation sends us a calendar with trimmings specially designed for New York City taxpayers.

Running alongside the days and weeks is a cheery parallel coland showing just when we may pay our different taxes. The dates are in nice, clear, black type. A certain number remain blank because on those days there are no taxes to pay. These stick out Bon Sundaya

Following the dates are jokes, such as "Last day to pay persend property tax," or, "Penalty of 10 per cent. added to unpaid

Looking further we find feetal days, when we can pay as many three or four taxes during the forenoon. Sometimes a week drage by with never a tax. Then quick comes one to pay, or a penalty for one we didn't pay. "Last days" for doing something or other seem to be always with us.

The kind corporation sends a note explaining that eager letters pour in asking the very earliest chance to pay various taxes. So they hit upon this "Tax Time-Table for Taxpayers of New York City." Now nobody need miss a single day of the fun.

THE PARTNER AT HOME.

LL my success in life I owe to my wife." A graceful deference of fact to feeling, voiced by many an eminent man. Some one said it again at a banquet the other night. It contains, however, a thought for men not necessarily either great or successful.

Talk over your business affairs with your wife. It not only makes things clearer in your own mind, but ten to one she manages to give a shake or two of common sense to many a tangle. Anyway it is good for a man's wife to feel she has some of his confidence. It makes her think more of herself. And that makes hum think more of her.

The average man needs partnership in his hopes. It is far safer for him to share the disappointments and triumphs of a business day with his wife than with his stenographer.

A NEW ONE IN FORESTRY.

Tabby tax, two dollars. Alternational obliders off to Sunday school. She stopped beside Mr. Jarr on the sofa

This newest thing in taxes is proposed by a Massachusetts legislator. The argument is: Cats eat birds. Birds eat bugs. able." Busy out plants. Therefore, discourage the cat that kills the bird that catches the bug that feeds on the leaf, and you have left—the matches and clears close at hand and tree you planted.

Massachusetts has had a hard time with her trees. Anybody who has seen the wrecks of the once beautiful elms of Cambridge and Springfield will not wonder that the Bay State is looking seriously into the why and wherefore of the gypsy-moth. The poor day poor Mr. Jarr wesn't the slave of cet seems to have tumbled into the line of causation.

Letters from the People

Objects to Porfeited Title. the Editor of The Evening Wester:

I wish some one would inform me ing teller's department one received ing teller receives 250 a month. These No doubt many will agree with me that checks. In the paying the word "Reverend" does not apply to man has been found guilty upon his own harrible confession. MRS. F. R. PAINE.

Albany, N. Y. Hard Worked Clerks.

the Editor of The Evening Word:

I have noticed that clerks complain tion was a party in Rhode Island whom sire that there are not any clerks paid in the city park point from solution as poorly as those in certain franks.

They hold responsible positions, receive the world of fived in Michigan, He Incomplete the positions, receiving small substitute also sometimes being treated meanly by the officers.

An instance of this is shown in one bank when the clerks have to work overtime. If a clerk works until after seven o'clock there he is to receive 50c as supper money. But the cushier, after To the Editor of The Evening World: keeping the men working one hour and | There was a big wind or hurricane a half overtime, has them so home at in Ireland between it and it years ago. 6.6, thereby not allowing them supper What was the date? money. The salaries in one bank are as

tween \$45 and \$55 a month. In the rewhy the public insists on calling Riche- men handle in cash anywhere from the son, the self-confessed murderer of Avis on to 160,000 or more each day, healdes Linnell, the "Reverend" Mr. Richeson? many thousands of dollars worth of ment, where a man has his care all a creature who has committed such an the bank's cash excepting the reserve. atroclous crime. The word Reverend is to paid about the a month. There are should be omitted, especially after the a few exceptions to these rules. BANK CLERK

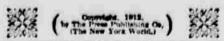
"The Meanest Man."

To the Effice of The Evening World Referring to your editorial about "The Meanest Man": The meanest man who

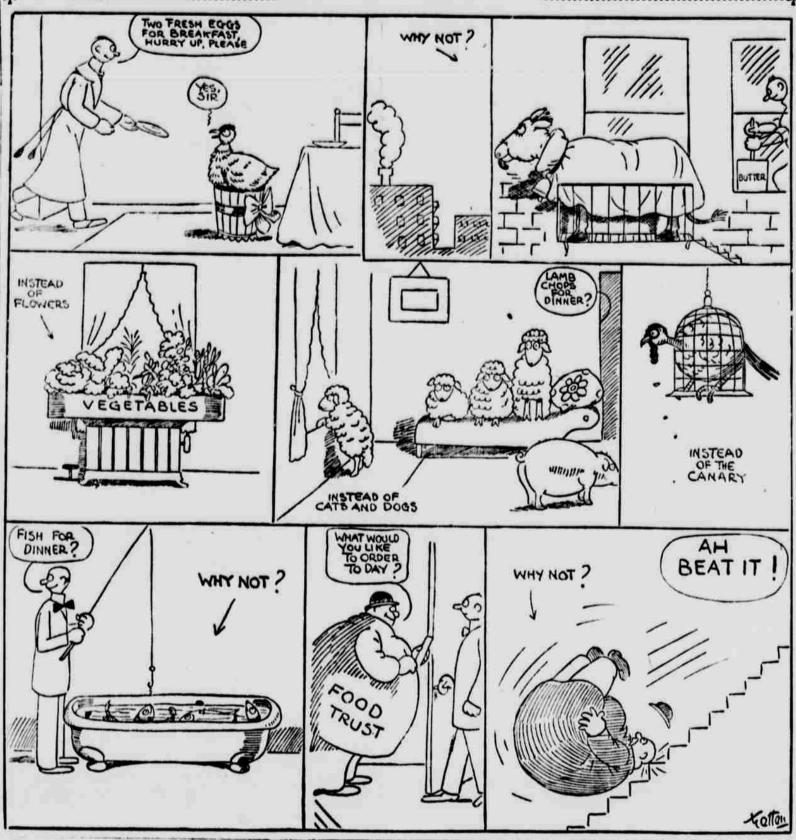
Where Wowen Vote. follows: Bank messengers (carrying To the Later of the Econo World thougands of dollars' worth of valuable. What are the names of the States receive between 229 and \$20 a | where women have the right to vote?

W. R., New London, Conn. southespers, who have charg. bank accounts, holding post-





By Maurice Ketten



विपिक्त Family Where?" usked Mr. Jarr.

T was a bright, pleasant Sunday, al-

reading the Sunday papers and said:

"Let me fix this cushion under your

asked him if he wanted a glass of beer.

Refore he could answer she bustled

Then she burried out to Gertrude and

told her to be very careful about the

that old office of his that overworked

him until all hours; and therefore it be-

housed all in the house to see he got

Then she busied herself about the

No Experience.

"Doctor, is it true Weish rabbits

"I don't know. I never was called

house, humming a song, the best tem-

one good, hot, well-served meal,

though the month was February.

NONDERENDA DE LE DESTA DE LE DESTA DE LE DESTA DE LE DE LE DE LE DESTA DE LA DEL DESTA DE LA DESTA DE

Mr. Jarr in the Domestic Drama Enacts the Star Role of "Goat"

"Oh, just up and down the street and take Mrs. Jarr long to attire herself in thing. "Oh, just up and down the street and take Mrs. Jat's but to read to

"Sure!" said Mr. Jarr heartily. "Just her things out and ready. When a the proposed promenade when Mrs. he thing!" man's well treated he suspects nothing. Jarr, dressed even to her new hat, asked

Don't Take Yourself Quite So Seriously

Copyright, 1912, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York World). WITH DIFFICULTY at a joke?

By Sophie Irene Loeb. we take ourselves too seriously? President Burton of Smith Col-Mount Holyoke,

two heads of repfor women, both agree that the college girl of the past took herself from the start? too seriously, but Of course, the passed the experi-mental age of the the the thing you have in mind has ants." college idea, she its hazard of PAILURE.

pered, kinders, most considerate little do are not of such serious interest in the last through the entire scheme of her college life.

Finally Mr. Jarr yawned and threw This theory, which has been actually that causes the serious feeling. And weren't so tired and needed a good dividual as happy as a seemingly care NEXT problem or pleasure. on Sonday I'd surges: we take a free one? Do those who take them- As a wise soul has said, 'Thomestic husband-Mr. Jarr's employer. selves too seriously get as much out of happiness is largely a matter of being It was either coincidence or Mrs. Jarr

life as life gets out of them? and all of us are chasing the Illusive ducing its seeming SERIOUS aspect to thing -HAPPINESS. Which then arrives at his destination.

We meet her every day-the little listless eyes that fairly pierce through may GET a great woodpile and never looking back with the keenest interest one in allent seriousness of that which live to see ONE STICK of it burn!

one in allent seriousness of that which have to be could not even tell you herself.

Therefore if you and I take life TOO lint Mrs. Jarr seriously and look to a future day to pleased excitement. Things happen. Yet if the clothes line be joyful, there is just a chance that of things is not going to stop. If the get SO MUCH wood sawed if we make Mrs. Stryver mad!" maid has left suddenly and there are a such a serious business of it.
few meals to get, the world is full of Really nothing stands still. Life is

If some friend has not measured up out of things and you waste your BEST to all that the word impiles, why, to- on the desert air. horizon and take his PLACE. The FOR:

horizon and take his PLACE. The law of nature holds that every space in the MORTGAGE OF REAL LIV- give anything to cause trouble."

ING IS ONLY PORECLOSISD WHEEN "Don't mind me." said Mr. Jarr. "Will have life is so serious that one source space of the proof of the

"Cheer up, Cuthbert!"

是一个人,我们就是一个人的人,我们就是一个人的人,我们就是一个人的人,我们就是一个人的人的人,我们就是一个人的人的人,我们就是一个人的人的人,我们就是一个人的人

For some strange reason it did not | When he's ill-treated he suspects overy-

him if he would mind hooking up

avenue. It was like the courtship days. and her right hand patting his shoulder and bloops on that side.

"Let's go over to the Drive, honey," R OY HARSH says that the Mechanisald Mr. Jarr. "The street is dull here, Why, sister dear, isn't it just as easy to believe that you were made not out and we'll see the fine automobiles over of his rib but out of his PUNNY BONE? there, and ger a view of the beautiful if you will but stop to think, it is all Hudson on a beautiful winter day." STATE OF MIND-quite pure and But Mrs. Jarr, who was keeping her

eyes glancing toward Mrs. Stryver's fine We try to make COMPLICATIONS house, remarked there was plenty of where they do not exist. The mountain time. f yesterday assumes the mole-hill of Pinally Mr. Jarr said:

o-morrow. Why not think mole-hill

"There's somebody watching us from behind the lace curtains in Mrs. Strytoo seriously, but Of course, there are some serious ver's drawing room."
that now, having things to be considered. Of course, life "Don't look," said : "Don't look," said Mrs. Jarr. careless-

ly. "I suppose it's only one of the serv-But when from the corn

But if it comes or goes you won't stop
the world won't stop. It will GO ON
pulled suddenly and even angrily down is beginning to realise that the the world won't stop. It will GO ON pulled suddenly and even angrily down tritiling things she as it did yesterday and the day before she smiled to herself and coold to Mr. Jarr:

Jarr:

The world won't stop. It will GO ON pulled suddenly and even angrily down the smiled to herself and coold to Mr. Jarr:

The stop of the smile of the

Thither they went, nor would Mrs. proven by these representative people, know this, that the bitterest pill taken Jarr be content, seemingly, till they had "Nice day out, ch?" he remarked, holds true largely in the EVERYDAY with a grain of HUMOR has, times walked far northward and past the mag-"Yes, it's just sharp enough to be course of living as well as any parpleasant," said Mrs. Jarr. "If I knew ticular trend. Is a serious minded increated an appellie and capacity for the river where her friend Mrs. Mudridge-

> sale to laugh at each others' jokes." must have known her friend's itinerary Is tife an everlasting problem? When While life is not a joke and things may on Sunday, for they had hardly passed you sum it all up in the various chan- seem sordid many times, yet many a the place a second time when Mrs. Mudnels, serious or otherwise, you and I situation is saved and solved by re-ridge-Smith's town car drew up to the anyx portals of the spartment house and the great common divisor of an unhar- young Mrs. Mudridge-Smith and her elrowing view of it.
> Grandfather's adage of "Say nothing" derly husband came out.

> which then arrives at the word, the or, rather, hovers near his goal, the individual who takes himself too seri- and saw word," which has a continuous and even displeased to note Mrs. Jarr serious attitude toward things, might waving her hand to her across the She gave the Jarrs a cold how woman with the plached face, tired, hand it comes to pass that the man but as the car drove away she kept "Sort of cut us?" suggested Mr. Jarr

> "I'd like to see her play the high lady fell this morning and the course of to-morrow may not come. It were per-events went all awry, the whole accemes haps wiser to say something and not about her! But - "! aren't she and

> "Mad about what?" asked Mr. Jarr. "That we're recondied." maids; and men may come and men motion. But when you stagnate in seri- Jarr. "Now, I guess I'll get that mink may go, but meals go on FOREVER. conness it takes the SPIRIT of living fur set Mrs. Stryver promised me and snything I want from Clara Mudridge Smith My! how mad it makes some married-when they are not. They'd

> > 'Don't mind me." said Mr. Jarr. "Will

Historic Heartbreakers By Albert Payson Terhune.

Copyright, 1912, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York World). NO. 4.-LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN-Genius and Lover. 66 DEETHOVEN accepted the adoration of women as his right," says a biographer, "and in return he condescended to go to sleep on their sofas while they pounded away at his sonatas, their artistic slaughter of which his deafness mercifully prevented him from hearing.

Ludwig van Beethoven, musical heartbreaker, was, at a glance, the last sort of man likely to attract women. He was small, pock-marked, slovenly, dyspeptic, homely and feroclously cross, besides being eccentric, conceited and-for the greater part of his life-deaf. Incidentally, he was a sublime genius, whose rank in music is beside that of Shakespeare in literature,

From the beginning, women raved about him. When he was thirteen his drunken father took him from town to town, exhibiting him as an "infant prodigy" plane player and announcing that the lad was only ten. During these journeys he was much petted by women and early grew to regard their flattery as only natural. At twenty he had a love affair with Barbara Koch, daughter of a restaurant keeper. Both tired of it and Barbara married a nobleman. Eleonore von Breuning was his next flame. Her devotion took the form of knitting him woollen vests, stockings and comforters and baking suet puddings for him. As he was miserably poor at the time and often cold and hungry, these gifts were probably the most acceptable he could have received. He and Eleonore (or "Lorchen," as he called her) soon parted. But he treasured her allhouette portrait to the day of his death.

A weman of high birth named Jeannette d'Honrath and a Fraulein Westerhold followed in quick succession. Eleonore had, meantime, married. Her husband wrote of her former sweetheart:

"Beethoven was always in love with some one, and very often succeeded in making a conquest where many an Adonia would have and it difficult to gain a hearing."

But he was not always successful. For instance, he asked Magdalena Willmann, a singer, to marry him, and she refused on the ground that "he was very ugly and half crasy." The rich Countess Erdody loved him devotedly and her love took the practical form of secretly paying a servant extra wages to remain in Beethoven's employ. Servants seidom stayed at his home more than week or two at most. For he had a way of throwing eggs at their heads in his fits of rage and of heating or cursing them when they dared to laugh at the uncouth gestures and sounds he used to make while composing his wondrous masterpleces. The Countess also built on her estate a beautiful temple in honor of Beethoven's genius.

Bettins von Arnim, whom the poet Goethe had loved, capitalized her own affair with Beethoven by seiling to a publisher a collection of the componer's ardent love letters. A Vienna lady who adored Beethoven wrote begging him for a lock of his hair. To check her adoration, which annoyed him, Beethoven sent her a tuft of fur from the ohin of a goal.

More than thirty of his love affairs are chronicled, apart from many of which no record was kept. Yet throughout he had a horror for any form of immorality and mercileasy enubbed married women who tried to firt with him.

His whole miserable, wonderful life was a bitter tragedy, in which the many loves that were showered upon him seem to have been the only bright spots. Brought up in poverty, robbed of his childhood by the father who set him to work at mastering the plane and violin when he was a mere baby, in later years alternately mocked for his ugliness and queerness and slavishly fawned upon for his genius, deceived by his best friends, robbed right and left when at last money began to come his way, cursed with a growing deafness that at last shut out every sound-it is small wonder that his nature became warped

and twisted until people thought him almost insane. His furious bursts of rage were always followed by wild repentance. His outer shell of roughness was easily pierced by every one who wished to harm him of to wring favors from him. He lived in an age when artists were expected to cringe before wealthy patrons. And he

could never learn to crings. Once, when he started to play a sonata of his own at a court reception, several people kept on talking. Bringing down his flet upon the keyboard. Beethoven shouted: "I will play no longer for such hogs:" and stamped out of the room. When a relative spoke of himself as a "Johann van Beethoven, land proprietor," he retorted: "I am Ludwig van Beethoven,

His roughness and the contempt in which he held the world at large did more, perhaps, than anything else to attract women to him in an age when surface politeness toward women had reached almost a point of absurdity Homeless, wifeless, he lived on, unwed and lonely, in a world of dense peopled by countless loves. An entry in his diary reads:

What a fearful state to be in, not to be able to trample down my longings for the joys of a home! Oh, God, look down in mercy on poor, unh Beethoven and put an end to this soon!"

The Hedgeville Editor By John L. Hobble

They were soon out of the house and ON the programme of victuals at the hours a day than the old-fashioned strl. were walking up and down on the sunny side of the street from avenue to

Mrs. Jarr snuggled up close to him with her left hand under his good right arm and her right hand national states as her right hand national states as her no human things to his wife that D WID CRAUM was struck with an

OY HARSH says that the Mechani- idea while acting in the capacity of cal plane player can pound more innocent bystander.

Muster the coats

for little tots this sea-

son and they are very

pretty and very at-

tractive as well as

thoroughly comforts-

ble. This coat is made

in kimono style so

that it is very simple

and the must is just a plain one trimmed

with fur to match the collar and cuffs. In the illustration the ma-

all cloaking materials

rough finished cloth is

much in vogue and broadcloth is always pretty and always fashionable.

The coat is made in two pieces that are joined at the back.

cape collar or with a narrow round collar. The sleeves are in-ished with bands and cuffs. The num is of

the fushionable sof

The May Manton Fashions



sort, made in one piece, softly lined and wadded. For the Syear size will be required yards of material #, !

yards 35, 11-2 yards 44 inches wide with \$1-4 yards of fur banding. Pattern No. 7227 is cut in sizes for ahildren of 6 months, 1, 2 and

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